HYMN
ON THE LAST DAY:

Said to have been written, during a ſtorm at Sea,

By RICHARD KEMPENFELT, Eſq;

REAR ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE:

Who went down in the Royal George, when ſhe foundered at Spithead, on Thurſday the 29th of Auguſt, 1782.

(Tune, *God ſave the King.*)

1 HARK, 'tis the trump of God,
Sounds through the realms abroad,
"Time is no more;"
Horrors inveſt the ſkies,
Graves burſt and miriads riſe,
Nature in agonies
Yields up her ſtore.

2 Chang'd in a moment's ſpace,
Lo, the affrighted race
Shriek and deſpair;
Now they attempt to fly,
Curſe immortality,
And eye their miſery,
Dreadfully near.

3 Quick reels the burſting earth,
Rock'd by a ſtorm of wrath,
Hurl'd from her ſphere;
Heart-rending thunders roll,
Dæmons tormented howl,
Great GOD! ſupport my ſoul,
Yielding to fear.

4 O my Redeemer come,
And through the frightful gloom,
Brighten thy way;

How

How would our ſouls ariſe,
Soar through the flaming ſkies,
Join the ſolemnities
Of the great day.

5 See, ſee, the incarnate God,
Swiftly emits abroad,
Glories begun;
Lo! Lo! he comes, he's here,
Angels and ſaints appear,
Fled is my every fear,
Jeſus is mine.

6 High on a flaming throne,
Rides the eternal Son,
Sovereign Auguſt!
Worlds from his preſence fly,
Shrink at his Majeſty,
Stars daſht along the ſky,
Awfully burſt.

7 Thouſand of thouſands wait
Round the judicial ſeat,
Glorified there;
Proſtrate the Elders fall,
Wing'd is my raptur'd ſoul,
Nigh to the judge of all,
Lo! I draw near.

8 O my approving God,
Waſh'd in thy precious blood,
Bold I advance;
Fearleſs we wing along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout an extatic ſong,
Through the expanſe.

C. B.